

KISSAM'S FRIENDS STRANGELY RETICENT.

Circumstances of His Death at the Home of Mrs. Shannon Kept Secret.

His Wife at Bay Ridge Had Been in Ignorance of His Illness There.

Neighbors of the Widow Thought the Brooklyn Politician Was Her Husband.

HIS END APOPLEXY, NOT SUICIDE.

Proprietor of the Hotel St. George Says the Lawyer's Family Life Was Happy and He Was Away from Home Playing Poker.

The death of Brewster Kissam, the formerly prominent Brooklyn politician, and a second cousin of Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt, at the home of Mrs. Sarah F. Shannon, widow of Cyrus A. Shannon, at No. 109 East One Hundred and Fourteenth street, caused much comment yesterday. This was increased by the reticence observed by Mr. Kissam's friends. These either denied all knowledge of the family in whose home he died or else refused absolutely to tell what they knew or to explain how he came to be in the house at the time.

Mrs. Kissam, who is spending the Summer with her fourteen-year-old daughter, Emma, at Bay Ridge, was also kept in ignorance of the place where her husband passed away.

For years Mr. Kissam had made his home with his family in the Hotel St. George, Brooklyn. Some weeks ago Mrs. Kissam went to Bay Ridge, leaving her husband at the hotel, as his legal business demanded his daily presence at his office, No. 170 Broadway, in this city.

From the time she went away Mrs. Kissam received no word of her husband's illness, though it extended over several days, and the first she heard of his death was when a telephone message, briefly announcing the fact, was sent her Monday.

EFFORTS TO PRESERVE SECRECY.

Though Mr. Kissam's death was due to apoplexy, strenuous efforts were made to conceal the circumstances surrounding it.

That the people in the house where he died were not ignorant regarding Mr. Kissam is shown by the fact that as soon as he died his chief clerk, Mrs. Jenkins, was notified and arrangements were at once made to have the body removed to Brooklyn.

The death of Mr. Kissam caused much comment among the neighbors of Mrs. Shannon. Said one of them last night:

"Mr. Kissam has been living at Mrs. Shannon's house ever since she moved into the neighborhood, which was about a year and a half ago. While there seemed to be no effort made to conceal his identity he was thought by some of the neighbors to be Mr. Shannon. He kept very much to himself, as did all the members of the Shannon family, and I would have not known who he was had I not been thrown in contact with him in a business way several times."

"Though he was a jolly, companionable man he made no acquaintances in the neighborhood. I was much surprised when I found that Mr. Kissam was living in the Shannon house. I knew he was married and that his home had been in Brooklyn."

"I made no inquiries and never spoke to Mr. Kissam regarding this matter, though he gave me to understand that he had had some domestic difficulty and was boarding with Mrs. Shannon, who was an old friend of his family."

ATTENDED AT HER HOME.

"Mr. Kissam's death was due to apoplexy," said Dr. William J. Gaudineer. "Though it was sudden, I was not greatly surprised at it, as he was by nature predisposed toward such an attack, and his habits were such as to aggravate these tendencies."

"I had attended Mr. Kissam at intervals for the last year and a half, and always found him at the house at No. 109 East One Hundred and Fourteenth street, or at my office, at No. 131 East One Hundred and Sixteenth street."

"He had been suffering severely for some days before his death and I had been to see him several times. I do not think he left the house for three or four days. I was hurriedly called to his home Sunday afternoon and found Mr. Kissam lying on the floor of a bedroom unconscious. I did all I could to restore him, but he died in half an hour."

Mrs. Sarah F. Shannon is a good-looking widow about forty years of age. She has occupied the house at No. 109 East One Hundred and Fourteenth street for nearly two years, her family consisting of her son, George, eighteen years old, her daughter, Emma, twelve years old, and a servant.

All information as to Mr. Kissam's death was refused at the house last night, the servant saying that the family were in the country, although at the time the children were at the front window.

The funeral of Mr. Kissam will be held at 10 o'clock this morning at the Church of the Holy Trinity, Montague and Clinton streets, Brooklyn. Interment will be in Greenwood Cemetery.

NOT A SUICIDE.

Captain William T. Tumbidge, proprietor of the Hotel St. George, said last night that there was no foundation for the story that Brewster Kissam committed suicide.

"He was a high-liver," he said, "and a man who would go off on a little quiet spree about once a week. He was a great poker player, and I am satisfied he was playing the game with some friends of his last Sunday at No. 109 East One Hundred and Fourteenth street, in New York City. This is what Walter D. Clark, of No. 706 East One Hundred and Thirty-seventh street, a New York friend of Mr. Kissam's, told me himself. He was the one who gave me the information of Kissam's death. He telephoned to me last Sunday to notify Mr. Jenkins, Mr. Kissam's managing clerk, to inform his family and come and take the body."

"He told me over the phone that he was in the room with Mr. Kissam playing poker when he suddenly fell backward and died in Mr. Clark's arms. It was Mr. Clark who called in the doctor."

"During the Winter and Fall months, when his wife and daughter were at home here at the Hotel St. George, he was always at home with them. It was only when they were away in the country in the Summer that he would go out and stay late."

Mrs. Kissam and her daughter are at the St. George, but would not see any one last night.

Fast Time to the Seashore.

The seashore trains of the Central Railroad of New Jersey, leaving New York, foot of Liberty street, at 3:30 and 4:45 p. m., and trains leaving Asbury Park and Ocean Grove for New York at 7:00, 7:30 and 8:00 a. m., are the run between New York and Asbury Park and Ocean Grove in one hour and twenty-five minutes—the fastest time ever made between these points. The boats of the Sandy Hook route from New York, foot of Bevier street, at 4:30, 9:00, 11:00 a. m., 1:00, 2:00, 3:45, 4:30, 5:30 p. m., Sundays at 9:30 a. m. and 1:00 p. m., for all points on the seashore are attracting the public these warm days.



WHO IS "MRS. DELGADO" AND IS SHE GUILTY?

She and the Two Girls Charged with Shoplifting Are Released on Bail.

Mr. Narganes, Her Bondsman, Says Her Husband Is a Wealthy Merchant of Havana.

HAS GIVEN A FICTITIOUS NAME.

Her Assertion That She Was Searched at the Store the Detectives Deny. They Declare They Witnessed the Theft.

Mrs. "Marie Delgado," of Cuba; her fifteen-year-old daughter, Sophia, and a slender little girl, who answered to the name of Tuna Rodriguez, faced their accusers in the Jefferson Market Court yesterday morning and pleaded not guilty to the charge of shoplifting.

Then their lawyer, Mr. Walter C. Gilson, asked for an adjournment, and to the undisputed disgust of the two female detectives who had made the arrests, Magistrate Flannery adjourned the hearing until next Tuesday.

"Mrs. Delgado" and the two little girls were arrested Monday afternoon just as they were passing out of the Sixth avenue entrance of Ehrlich Brothers' dry goods store. Mrs. Jennie O'Connor and Miss Mamie Quigg, who are detectives in the employ of the Ehrlich Brothers, appeared in court and filed their affidavits against the defendants.

Lawyer Gilson did not allow these affidavits to be read. He told the Magistrate that if given time he would be able to prove that all the property that his clients were accused of stealing was bought and not stolen. The Magistrate accepted the statement and held each of the defendants in \$500 bail. Mr. Ricardo Narganes, of



No. 200 West Fifty-sixth street, qualified as the bondsman, and the defendants walked out of the court room.

HER NAME NOT DELGADO. When she was arrested Mrs. Delgado said she lived at No. 74 West Ninety-second street. After she was released yesterday it was discovered that she had given a fictitious name and that she did not live at the address in Ninety-second street. Her bondsman, Mr. Narganes, made this statement last night:

"The woman who was arrested Monday, and who appeared in court this morning, came from Havana about a year ago and is the wife of a gentleman who owns a rich sugar plantation on the island of Cuba. He is now in Havana."

"The woman who was in court to-day is the victim of a combination of cruel circumstances. She never stole the articles that the detectives charge her with stealing. She was arrested at 3 o'clock in the afternoon and not taken to the station house until after 6 o'clock in the evening. During that interval she was kept a prisoner in the store and was not given an opportunity to communicate with her friends."

"I admit that her name is not Delgado, and that she does not live at the address in Ninety-second street. Her friends advised her to give a fictitious name and address. The woman cannot speak a word of English, and as a natural sequence was helpless."

"She came from one of the first families in Havana, and both she and her husband are popular members of the Cuban colony in New York. When this case comes to



Mysterious Cubans in Court.

A woman giving her name as "Mrs. Delgado" and two young girls were arrested Monday in a Sixth avenue dry goods store, charged with shoplifting. Mr. Ricardo Narganes, who hailed them yesterday in the Jefferson Market Court, says a grave mistake has been made by the detectives. Mrs. O'Connor and Miss Quigg. He says the woman is the wife of a rich Cuban, now in Havana, and admits her name is not "Delgado."

The "King of the Firebugs" himself was being dissectioned by the evidence in sketching idly on a pad of paper that had been left in front of him. After he had retired from the court room, when the jury was out, one of the clerks picked up a drawing made by him. It represented a scaffold and a man dangling from it.

The prisoner's face was ashen and his hands and body were all a-tremble. For the first time since the trial began he seemed to realize the gravity of his situation.

Alfred Bach, for the defense, made an able and an impassioned argument. He reviewed the evidence, and tried to convince the jury not only that there had been a pre-arranged conspiracy to swear Hirschkopf's life away, but that the latter had established a perfect alibi. He dwelt at length on the testimony given by Rosenbaum, Glueckman, Milch, Brenner and others of the "gang," and argued that a dog should not be condemned to death on the evidence of men of such low morality.

He told how all had confessed to having either planned or participated in numerous incendiary fires. He declared they had perjured themselves to convict Hirschkopf in order to save their own lives.

The lawyer concluded with an eloquent appeal for acquittal. He declared that no evidence whatever had been presented that connected Hirschkopf either directly or indirectly with the fire at Kleinrock's saloon or with the working of the firebugs in this city or Brooklyn.

Assistant District-Attorney Vernon M. Davis followed with a most convincing argument in behalf of the State. He did not claim that the witnesses for the prosecution were men of spotless reputations. Had they been they would not have sworn anything about the doings of an organized band of firebugs. Incendiarism, he said, was one of the most horrible crimes known to civilization. Its plots were worked out in secret and only those who were in the conspiracy were ever able to give evidence against the guilty ones.

"The community," declared Mr. Davis, "for its own protection against the ruthless assassins, was compelled to go into the very heart of the city's muck and mire and accept the aid of one of the most miserable of wretches in order to break up the organization and bring its leaders to the bar of justice."

"We don't want to, nor would we, convict even a known firebug on perjured testimony. But what has been told on the witness stand by Hirschkopf's accomplices the District-Attorney's office knows to be the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth."

Mr. Davis pointed out the weak points in the alibi the defense attempted to establish, and in the interest of humanity asked that a verdict of murder in the first degree be returned.

Judge Fursman's charge was short and wholly impartial. It left no room for doubt in the minds of the jury as to the law in the case.

"It matters not," said he, "whether the defendant was present at the fire, applied the match or had anything to do with the actual conflagration, if you find that he planned it or even aided or abetted in the act, you must find him guilty of murder."

"An alibi is easily manufactured," the Judge continued, "but if the witnesses who swore that Hirschkopf was at Coney Island on the day before the fire told the truth and were not mistaken in the date, then Fursman's charge was short and wholly impartial. It left no room for doubt in the minds of the jury as to the law in the case."

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Admitting that some of the prosecution's witnesses were not of the best, the Judge said the law was often compelled to call in criminals to help break up crime. He concluded his charge at 3:45 and the case was then given to the jury.

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Information from the jury room was, of course, more or less unreliable, but from all accounts a disagreement seems probable.

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Meanwhile the jury had asked for the checks issued by Hirschkopf and paid to Kleinrock; and also for the letter written by the defendant to Max Glueckman while the latter was in Europe. After these had been examined, the vote is said to have shifted to eight for conviction and four for acquittal. The balloting is said to have stood thus at 10 o'clock, when Judge Fursman retired for the night.

The scenes and incidents about the Criminal Court Building, while the jury was balloting, have perhaps never been equalled. Not even in the Fleming case. The corridors were crowded and every bit of information was eagerly grasped.

Mrs. Hirschkopf walked about wringing her hands and looking twenty years older than when the trial began. Over in the Tombs, Hirschkopf showed marked signs of anxiety and very nearly broke down entirely. His lawyers, Messrs. Leavitt, Elder, Loew and Bach, took the delay of over six hours as a good omen and confidently predicted either an acquittal or a disagreement.

The summing up in the case commenced at 10:45 o'clock in the morning, and ended at 2:40 o'clock in the afternoon. Through it all Hirschkopf was visibly affected. His wife sat by his side and tried to comfort him, but her own spirit was broken and she wept almost continually while Assistant District-Attorney Davis presented the case for the People and asked for a verdict of murder in the first degree.

The "King of the Firebugs" himself was being dissectioned by the evidence in sketching idly on a pad of paper that had been left in front of him. After he had retired from the court room, when the jury was out, one of the clerks picked up a drawing made by him. It represented a scaffold and a man dangling from it.

FIRE KING'S THOUGHTS WITH THE HANGMAN.

Hirschkopf Sketches a Scaffold and a Dangling Figure During His Trial.

Fate of the Man Accused of Causing Lizzie Jaeger's Death in the Jury's Hands.

After Deliberating for More Than Six Hours They Fail to Reach a Verdict.

RUMORS ABOUT THE BALLOTING.

The Twelve Men Said to Have Stood Eight for Conviction and Four for Acquittal When They Were Locked Up for the Night.

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VICTIMS OF HEAT DROP IN THE STREET.

Many Persons Overcome Yesterday and All the Country Suffers.

Salt Lake City the Only Place in the United States Where It Was Comfortable.

SWELTERED IN LAKE REGIONS.

In the Southern States the Temperature is Almost Unbearable—List of Those Who Succumbed in This City.

Salt Lake City monopolized all the cool weather in the country yesterday, so there wasn't any left over for New York. While the Mormons were disporting themselves in the grateful breezes of their inland sea, this luckless metropolis sweltered with a temperature of 85 degrees in the shade and 88 per cent of humidity. Forecaster Dunn said it wasn't so very hot, after all, but there were a good many persons on Manhattan Island who differed with him. Some of them were weak enough to drop right on the sidewalks, just to contradict him.

All over the United States, save in the Utah capital, it was equally hot, in proportion to the usual temperature of each locality. Even the upper lake regions sweltered at 75, while Florida was nothing but a monstrous frying pan, and the whole Southwest was one huge gridiron.

At 6 o'clock Mr. Dunn went home to dinner, leaving the weather to worry along as best it could. After his departure it became better, and by 8 o'clock last evening there was only 65 per cent of humidity in the atmosphere.

The following prostrations by the heat were reported:

An unknown woman, about twenty years of age, was picked up unconscious in front of No. 172 Broadway, and taken to Hudson Street Hospital.

Ellen Albridge, forty-nine years old, of No. 10 Lewis street, was overcome at Chambers street and Broadway and was taken to Hudson Street Hospital.

William Meyers, forty-four years old, a waiter employed by Arnold & Constable, was prostrated in the kitchen at 11 o'clock. He was taken to New York Hospital.

John Morison, twenty years old, was taken to Bellevue Hospital from Fortieth street and First avenue. He was unable to give his residence.

Edward W. Bessley, sixty years old, who said he was a broker, but refused his address, was overcome at Wall and William streets. He was removed to the Hudson Street Hospital.